

THE LADIES' PEARL.

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Popular Tales.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

MADELEINE DE ROUBERVAL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these
ends:

Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us
note,

The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some
graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence
has he that?

[*King Henry VIII.*]

It was during the first half of the seventeenth century, that on the brow of a hill of easy declivity, sheltered in the green bosom of the woods of Versailles, rose a modest chateau built of brick and coped with stone, which enclosed a small, quadrangular court, and was protected by a fosse. This building, destined to become the nucleus of the immense and imposing structure erected by Louis XIV, and which soon became the centre of magnificence, luxury and refinement, was built by his predecessor as a hunting seat, and to a person of his melancholy temperament and fondness for seclusion it exhibited an inviting contrast to the stately grandeur of St. Germain. Though so simple in its external appearance, the apartments displayed a gorgeousness of decoration scarcely equalled by that subsequently bestowed on those furnished under the eye of the Grand Monarque himself.

The last sunbeams of a long, bright day stole through the foliage of the tall forest trees and shed a softened splendor through

one of the smaller of these apartments, whose windows looked down on a valley opening far to the south-west, affording one of those lovely and quiet prospects which not unfrequently has the power of imparting to the mind of the beholder, a deep and kindred repose. Several pictures adorned the walls of this little chamber, displaying the freedom of pencil and fine tone of coloring peculiar to the works of Velasques. But these productions of art, admirable as they were, could hardly have attracted the attention from the beautiful girl who sat near one of the windows.— Never did parting sunbeams brighten such a treasure of golden curls as those which clustered round the snowy brow and fell in rich masses down the neck of this fair, young creature, who with earnest gaze was contemplating the new and enchanting prospect before her. Her eyes, though deeply fringed with lashes bright and golden as her hair, were intensely black, and at times expressive of a deep and melancholy fervor of spirit; while at others, even when no smile was perceptible on her lips, their light was so bland, so brilliant and so beaming, that all who beheld her felt that her young and innocent heart was basking in the sunshine of its own happiness. And in truth, she had as yet, known only the romance, the poetry of sorrow; such as may come over the spirit on a silent summer eve when shadows are resting on the bright places and the beautiful flowers it loves and the air is laden with far-off, fitful melodies, like those that steal along the dark-browed cliff or linger by the haunted stream. During an hour like this, though Madeleine's fancy-woven webs might take a sombre hue, yet had they ever circling through them some radiant thread; and even her tears caught a gleam from memory's starry light or the golden sunshine of the future, ere they fell. No real grief had ever cast over her its dark and chilling shadow to blight and wither her heart. Vague and unconnected thoughts, beautiful as the clouds that were floating along the sunset sky, were passing through

her mind, when the quick tramp of horses' feet broke in upon her reverie. Through the openings of the forest she caught glimpses of several horsemen, and as they approached nearer, one of them she knew to be Louis XIII. There was another too of the number whom she recognized, and the sight of him sent the blood to her cheeks, causing them to glow with a richness of tint unrivalled by the opening rose buds enwreathed with her hair, who, as the King and his cortege were sweeping along under the window, in order to gain the principal entrance of the chateau, fell back in the rear of his companions and raised his eyes to the window where she sat.—The other horsemen being now some paces in advance, and trusting to the confusion and bustle resulting from the arrival of the King, he ventured to address her in a low but distinct voice.

"Your brother is in danger," said he.—"Name some place where you will meet me tonight at eleven o'clock, and I will tell you more."

She hesitated a moment, and then pointing to a cluster of trees, told him that she would meet him there.

"As you value your brother's life, do not fail," he replied, and spurring forward his horse he was again mingling with his comrades without having been missed.

Long did it appear to Madeleine ere the gathering shades of night closed over the solitude of the greenwood, and she would have hailed it as an auspicious omen, had clouds arisen to veil the moon now in its first quarter; for she was aware that, at a time when conspiracies were so rife, that two lovers could not meet to interchange their vows without arousing suspicion, unless her contemplated interview with young Devigne were concealed from the inmates of the chateau; his safety and probably her own would be endangered.

The more caution was necessary as Cardinal Richelieu, who by his vigilance and promptitude had succeeded in detecting and crushing every plot which threatened his own power, as well as in identifying the persons concerned, was at this time residing in his apartments at Versailles, which had been assigned him by the King immediately after the abortive attempt of Mary de Medici to effect his fall; and it was well known if Devigne and Madeleine's brother were not her personal friends, that they were on familiar terms with Montromency and others who favored her cause. Mary, who refused to be reconciled to the Cardinal, was by his instigation banished to the castle of Compeigne, and many of her friends were removed from place or confined in the Bastille; even the royal ægis not proving broad enough to shield

those on whose destruction he had determined. It was not long before the feeble-minded Louis became nothing more than an instrument in his hands, and the measures necessary to effect his purposes were pursued with an energy and steadiness from which compassion towards the numerous victims whom he knew must be crushed in his path, could not for a moment allure him. Before the banishment of the queen mother, the king at her request had granted Madeleine a short residence at Versailles, till her guardian, now in Spain, could determine whether to procure her admission into the convent of Charliot, or take her with him to that country. Altho' residing under the same roof, she had not, as yet, even seen the all-powerful minister; but she knew, that if he did not condescend to personally act the spy, he had emissaries planted in every nook and corner of the kingdom, who appeared to possess an almost preternatural facility in detecting and bringing to light whatever might thwart his plans or in the slightest degree militate against their success.

The last sound of the clock, as it struck the hour of eleven, was still reverberating through the dim aisles of the forest, as Madeleine groped her way to a postern, which opened near the spot she had indicated to Devigne. She lingered a moment at the threshold:—d raised her eyes to the heavens. The moon shone beautifully clear, throwing a shower of radiance over an open space near the chateau. This she quickly passed to a place darkened by the shadows of the trees, and soon gained the appointed spot where Devigne was already awaiting her.

"You bring tidings from my brother," were her first words.

"Yes," he replied, "two days since I saw him—was with him an hour."

"Has he not then departed for Spain? What can occasion his delay?"

"I would that I could spare you the pain of informing you, dear Madeleine. Your brother is in prison. Instead of proceeding to Spain as he anticipated when he left you, he was induced to join the standard of the Duke of Montromency in Longuedoc. The Duke was defeated at Castelnaudarg, was taken prisoner, and must die."

"Auguste," said Madeleine, laying her trembling hand on Devigne's arm—must he share his leader's fate?"

"Not if he can escape from prison."

"Is there a possibility of his escape?"

"Yes, if his removal to the Bastille is delayed a few days longer, and he were in possession of that which unlocks fetters, draws bolts, and blinds the eyes of the sentinel."

"You mean money,"

"Yes."

"One hundred franks is all I have in the world, but I have jewels that are valuable: you shall have them all."

Just as Madeleine pronounced these words, the shadow of some person fell across a path which wound within a short distance of the place where they stood.—They both saw it, and remained for a few moments fearing to speak or move, but not the slightest sound of any kind—not even the rustle of a leaf, betrayed the proximity of any living being. Devigne searched among the trees until satisfied that whoever had been lurking near had made his escape. He, however, did not speak above his breath, when he replied to the last words of Madeleine.

"I wish," said he, "that it were possible for me to make a journey to my own home in season to procure the money. But that cannot be done, and I must, however reluctantly, take your jewels. In fifteen minutes more I must be on my way back."

"Impossible! how can you pass the draw-bridge?"

"I have a certain friend in the chateau who has taken care that I find no trouble in that respect, and who has ordered a fresh horse ready saddled to await me in the forest."

They lingered not to breathe vows of faith or words of endearment. They remained only while they fixed upon a plan by which Devigne could obtain possession of the money and jewels, and it was finally agreed that Madeleine should secure them in a strong envelope and drop them from her window, beneath which he was to be in readiness to receive them. She regained her chamber without encountering any person on her way thither, and soon had the satisfaction of transferring the package which she hastily prepared, to Devigne, who, in order to break the noise of its fall, spread his cloak to receive it. She remained at the window till he was lost to her view in the deep recesses of the woods, and was congratulating herself that he had effected his departure without attracting the notice of those persons in the chateau whom it might interest, when she heard footsteps in the ante-room, which were shortly succeeded by a low knock at her door. On opening it, a page stood without who informed her that his master, Cardinal Richelieu, desired her presence. The color with which her recent agitation and hurry had flushed her cheeks faded away, as with an air of trepidation she prepared to follow the page. He led the way with a gliding, noiseless step, which habit had rendered natural to him, to apartments situated on the opposite side of the chateau.

He opened the door of one of them, and saying, "Monseigneur, the lady is here," stepped aside to let her pass. Madeleine now, for the first time beheld the celebrated man, who had long been well known to her by fame, Armand du Plessis, Cardinal Richelieu. He was seated in a large, luxurious elbow chair covered with rich tapestry, and before him stood a table covered with loose papers, letters and packages; some of them open and a part newly folded bearing the impress of his own seal. He had dismissed his attendants, except a single secretary, who stood at a small desk on which lay a blank sheet of paper. She had from habits of intimacy with those who were disaffected towards him, been prepared to behold him with feelings of unqualified aversion; but now in his presence, there was something in his appearance both repelling and attractive. His eyes were large and mild, and there was a look of benignity lingering round his ample forehead shaded with a few thin locks of hair, which although he had not yet attained the age of fifty years, were blanched to the whiteness of snow, that might have inspired with confidence, could the eye have been restrained from descending to the lower part of his face and marking the thin lips compressed so as to impart to his mouth an expression of sternness and rigidity, and the short peaked beard which appeared to possess the quality of giving to the countenance an air of subtlety and craft.

"Your name," said he addressing her, while at the same time the secretary dipped his pen in the ink, "is Madeleine de Rouberval."

"It is, Monseigneur."

"I see the name of one Auguste de Rouberval here, said he, casting his eye over a list of names which lay before him—"is he your brother?"

Madeleine replied in the affirmative.

"You have," said he, "a hundred franks and some jewels. For the present you must resign them to the care of trustier hands than yours."

"Monseigneur, I have not a single sou."

"Beware how you attempt to deceive me."

"I have not attempted to deceive you—I have told the truth."

"Go," said he to the page, who remained standing near the door by which Madeleine had entered, "and tell the Chevalier Devigne, who this evening accompanied his Majesty to the chateau, that we would speak with him."

During the page's absence the Cardinal remained silent while Madeleine, so excessive was her agitation, would have found it impossible to have remained standing,

had she not supported herself by grasping the edge of a table near her. After an absence of some minutes, the page returned and informed his master that the Chevalier Devigne was nowhere to be found. Madeleine did not dare raise her eyes from the floor, yet she felt that the quiet, searching gaze of the great man was upon her.

"Five minutes," said he, addressing her, "had not elapsed when you entered this apartment; since you parted with some person—the Chevalier Devigne, I think," and he waited as if expecting her to reply, but she remained silent.

"Can you say that you did not meet some person in the wood tonight?"

"I cannot, Monseigneur."

"And this person was the Chevalier Devigne."

"I cannot deny it."

"Did he apprise you that he intended leaving the chateau tonight?"

"He did."

"And he informed you whither he was going."

"Yes, Monseigneur, but it is impossible for me to tell."

"Your refusing to tell can be of little consequence. He is doubtless on his way with your hundred franks and your jewels to bribe the gaoler and liberate De Rouberval from prison. It is not yet too late to save him the trouble. Perrin, show the lady back to her own room."

Scarcely a minute had elapsed after she had regained her apartment before she heard voices and footsteps in the passages, and beheld lights gleaming from window to window. She extinguished her own light and leaned from the casement, that her ear might catch every movement of preparation on the outside of the chateau. Shortly two horsemen rode round to that side of the building, where they halted to receive orders for their journey. A person soon appeared for that purpose.

"His Eminence," said he, "commands that you take fresh horses at the first hostelry, and that you spare not the spur or stay to eat, till you overtake the object of your pursuit."

"We shall use all diligence," said one of them, as they started at full speed in the same direction that Devigne had gone an half hour before.

Long did Madeleine listen to the dull and heavy tramp of their horses' feet upon the greensward, as it came wafted on the night-breeze, which to her fearful fancy had in it sounds ominous of Devigne's and her brother's impending fate.

[Concluded in our next.]

From the Religious Souvenir.

THE QUAKERESS BRIDE.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

O! not in the halls of the noble and proud,
Where fashion assembles her glittering
crowd;

Where all is beauty and splendor array'd,
Were the nuptials performed of the meek
quaker bride;

Nor yet in the temple those rites which
she took;

By the altar, the mitre-crown'd bishop
and book;

When oft in her jewels doth stand the
fair bride,

To whisper those vows which thro' life
shall abide.

The building was humble, yet sacred to
Him,

Before whom the pomp of religion is dim;
Whose presence is not to the temple con-
fin'd,

But dwells with the contrite and lowly
of mind.

'Twas here, all unveil'd, save by modesty
stood

The Quakeress bride, in her pure satin
hood;

Her charms unadorn'd by the garland or
gem,

Yet fair as the lily just pluck'd from its
stem.

A tear glisten'd bright, in her dark shad-
ed eye,

And her bosom half utter'd a tremulous
sigh,

As the hand she had pledged was confid-
ingly given,

And the low murmuring accent recorded
in Heaven.

I've been at the bridal where wealth
spread the board,

Where the sparkling red wine in rich
goblets was poured;

Where the priest in his surplice from rit-
ual read,

And the solemn response was impressively
said.

I've seen the fond sire in his thin locks of
gray,

Give the pride of his heart to the bride-
groom away;

While he brushed the big tear from his
deep furrowed cheek,

And bowed the assent which his lips
might not speak.

But in all the array of the costliest scene,
Naught seemed to my eye so sincere in
its mien,
No language so fully the heart to resign,
As the Quakeress bride's--'until death I
am thine.'

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE GLOVE.

A FRAGMENT OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

It was a beautiful morning in the spring of 1584, when a knight errant might have been seen, pursuing his way down a steep mountain-pass, in the northern part of France. His gaily carolled song, and youthful roundness of form, which his massy armor could not conceal, showed him to be yet in the early spring-tide of his days. He closed his song and began to commune with himself.

'Here am I, George de Montmorenci; the noblest blood of France flows through my veins, and by my halidome, I think no lady's arm, or coward's heart is mine; the Holy Virgin grant, that I soon have chance to prove it.'

As he spoke a loud shriek was borne by the morning breeze to his ears.

'Ha! thanks to thee Holy Maria! thou hast heard my prayer,' exclaimed the fiery youth.

Striking his spurs, rowel deep, into his gallant steed, he dashed on in the direction of the cry. A short turn in the road, and the object of his search was found; a lady of surpassing beauty, was surrounded by a band of the robbers, who infested at that time the greater portion of France, and with lawless hands robbed whomsoever they met. Seated on a white palfrey, the damsel looked like Innocence surrounded by Malice, Hate and Revenge. One of the villains held the lady's bridle, while another was despoiling her of all her jewels, and was just in the act of cutting out the rings from her ears with his sharp-edged poignard, when the war-cry of the knight arrested his arm.

'To the rescue, Montmorenci, to the rescue!'

His long spear passed clear through the villain who was employed in rifling the lady of her jewels, and he fell forward between the palfrey's feet, where his foul spirit struggled to its doom in the shades below. Still shouting his cheering cry, the valiant youth drew his battle-axe, and cleaving the head of another, and another, soon dispersed the whole band, who in their light armor were no match for the closely steeled knight, whose strong mail might easily defy the blows of their light swords, and ward off their cross-bow shafts.

The enemy dispersed, the gallant knight laid aside his helmet, and knelt with all proper devotion to the beauty he had so valiantly delivered.

'I may not tell you, sir knight,' said the lady, 'who it is you have thus benefitted; but with my thanks and gratitude I bestow upon you this glove; when you bear it aloft in the tournament, or battle-field, forget not that you may one day claim the hand of her who wore it.'

The knight looked up, and as he met the sweet blue eyes of the lovely lady, he seized her hand and swore it should be the whole aim of his life, to deserve and win her; and as the noble youth stood up in his early beauty, with his long chestnut locks flowing in the beautiful mode of the times, around his shoulders, it would have been difficult to tell into whose heart the dart of Cupid had struck deepest; that of the unknown damsel's, or of the valiant knight.

Forbidding him to follow, she turned her light steed, and darted away like the wind. Long time stood the youth gazing in the direction of her flight; an arrow glanced from off his iron shoulder, and as he hastily resumed his steel helmet, another and another struck some part of his armor.—Knowing it to be useless to endeavor to pursue his foe, through the copse and woodland, but disdaining to flee, he rode on at his former slow pace, and though ever and anon an arrow would whistle past him, yet he kept on and on ascending an eminence, he looked back and saw the

robber band assembled around the dead bodies of their comrades.

Ere night he reached Paris; he soon heard that a grand tournament was to be held the next week, open to all of gentle blood; the prize was the hand of the Lady Anna Arguielle. It was said the lady was very averse to this mode of getting married, but her father, a stern old knight, had sworn she should never marry but with one who was able to defend and protect her—and she was obliged to obey the wishes of her father.

De Montmorenci, whose heart was already in the possession of the fair wood nymph, had no desire to contend for the hand of the Lady Arguielle, but as he stood musing before his tent, the damsel whom he had defended rode by him on the same white palfrey! Inquiring who the lady was, he learned it was the Lady Anna.—Immediately he retired with a compressed lip and a firm smile, to prepare for a contest with the flower of the noble chivalry of France on the following day.

The morrow dawned, and with the first faint streak of light, on the eastern horizon, persons of both sexes began to crowd the spacious plain. And before ten a dense mass of heads showed how great was the fondness of the French for beholding noble deeds and warlike feats.

More than thirty noble combatants entered the lists that day—and many a hope was crushed as defeat drove one after the other from the field. It was almost night. De Montmorenci had overthrown four, in the course of the day, and had attracted great notice as the 'Knight of the White Glove,' when he found himself, and a noble knight, the only remaining competitors. The trumpets sounded and they met like two clashing thunderbolts. Aiming his spear directly at the helmet of his opponent, De Montmorenci charged with the might of ten men and bore him and his horse to the ground.

Right merrily rang the bells at the wedding of de Montmorenci and the Lady Anna. And though the name of George de Montmorenci was often heard in the bat-

tle-field, yet he still found leisure to be happy at home in the society of his beloved Anna.

Historical.

GERTRUDE,

OR FIDELITY TILL DEATH.

The Baron Von Der Wart, accused, though it is believed unjustly, as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonizing hours, with the most heroic devotedness. Her own sufferings, with those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published some years ago, at Haarlem, in a book entitled *Gertrude Von Der Wart or Fidelity unto Death*.

Dark lowers our fate,
And terrible the storm that gathers o'er us;
But nothing, till that latest agony
Which severs thee from nature, shall un-
loose
This fixed and sacred hold. In thy dark
prison-house,
In the terrific face of armed law,
Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be,
I never will forsake thee.

Joanna Baillis.

Her hands were clasped, her dark eyes
raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried,
"My Rudolph, say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side,
Peace, peace! I can not go.
Hath the world aught for me to fear,
When death is on thy brow?
The world! what means it?—mine is
here—
I will not leave thee now.

"I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through this!
And thou, mine honored love and true
Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest wo
She bore her lofty part;
But oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love! of mortal agony,
Thou, only *thou* shouldst speak!

The wind rose high,—but with it rose
Her voice, that he might hear:
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near;
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute-chords low,
Had stilled his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheeks such kisses pressed
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last!
She had her meed—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit passed.
While even as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, blessed the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not!



THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN CHANDOS.

This renowned knight was seneschal of Poitou in the reign of Edward the Third, which situation he held with great credit to himself, and satisfaction to his royal master. Many of his actions, in all of which he behaved valiantly, are recorded by the old chroniclers; and the French and English historians both agree in representing him as the flower of knighthood.

During his seneschalship, the fortified abbey of St. Salvin, in the election of Poitiers, was treacherously given up by a monk to two French knights, named Louis de St. Julien, and Carnet le Breton. Enraged at the loss of this place,

Sir John made attempts to regain it from the French; but St. Julien, who commanded it, rendered them all abortive by his watchfulness. The last attempt was made on the night preceding the eve of the year 1370, when Sir John, being in the city of Poitiers, determined to make one more attempt on it. Having secretly assembled about three hundred men, together with several noblemen and knights, they left Poitiers in the night, and arrived before the fort, without being perceived by the enemy; but at the moment they were preparing to scale the walls, a party of men-at-arms, headed by Carnet le Breton, arrived at the fort, the guard of which blew his horn, to give notice of their approach, when the English on the opposite side, thinking they were discov-

ered, drew off to Chauvigny, a town situated about two leagues from the fort.

On the troop arriving here, about two hundred men left Chandos, who, with the remainder of the party, entered a hostelry to rest and refresh themselves. After waiting for a short time, Lord Thomas Percy, one of the noblemen who had accompanied Sir John, requested permission to make an excursion, which was readily granted; and that nobleman, with about thirty men-at-arms, left Chauvigny, whilst Sir John and his company remained at the inn, much depressed in spirits for the ill success of their expedition.

Not long after the departure of Lord Percy, news came to Sir John, as he sat with his friends by the fire, that Carnet le Breton and Louis de St. Julien, had taken the field in search of him. After some consultation with his companions, he determined to set out and meet them, and leaving Chauvigny, he took the road towards Poitiers, along the banks of the river. Shortly after day-break, they approached the bridge of Lusac, upon which Lord Thomas Percy and his party were drawn up on foot to oppose the crossing of the French, who arrived at the bridge just after they had gained it. The French dismounted also, and leaving their horses in the care of their servants, they advanced to attack the English with their lances. At this juncture, Sir John Chandos arrived, with his banner displayed, and emblazoned with his arms—a pile gules on a field argent, borne by James Allen, a powerful man-at-arms. The French servants, who had been left with their masters' horses, seeing the approach of the English, fled, and Sir John coming up, began to rail at the French in bitter terms, telling them that the day had arrived when they would see which was the strongest. As he spoke, a Breton in the troop of the French knights, drew his sword, and struck an English squire, named Simpkin Dodenhale, from his horse; upon which Sir John, bidding his men dismount, advanced firmly upon the French, although a hoar frost had made the ground slippery, and after rescuing the squire, attacked them fiercely.

Sir John wore over his armor a long surtout of white sarcenet, upon the breast and back of which his arms were emblazoned. The length of this surtout proved fatal to him; for as he advanced upon the French, his legs became entangled in it, and a French squire, named Jacques de

St. Martin, perceiving this accident, thrust him in the face with his lance as he stumbled forward. The weapon entered below the eye, or rather, the eye-socket (for the knight had lost an eye whilst hunting on the heaths of Bordeaux) and penetrated to the brain. Sir John instantly fell, and Froissart says, "turned twice over in great agony, like one who had received his death-wound." The French, pressing forward, attempted to seize him; but his uncle, Sir Edward Clifford, striding across his body, kept them off by the heavy stroke of his sword, so that none came within the sweep without suffering for their temerity. During the conflict, Lord Thomas Percy, owing to the height of the bridge which interposed between them and the French, had not perceived the combat; but on the contrary, thinking the enemy had declined the contest, he drew off his company.—The English were like men distracted on seeing their leader fall; whilst the French jeered them, crying out, "my lords of England, you will all stay with us, for you cannot now escape."

In the mean time, a squire of Sir John's thrust his lance through the thighs of the man who had wounded his master, who nevertheless continued to fight bravely. Although the English maintained the fight courageously, they were in the end compelled to surrender, when the Poictouvins, who had left their brave but now disabled leader at Chauvigny, fortunately arrived to rescue them. The French being without their horses, could not escape; so turning to the English, they besought them to tell the Poictouvins the reverse of what had happened: namely, that the English had defeated and taken them prisoners. The English assented to this, and the Poictouvins shortly arrived with couched lances, shouting their war cry; but the Bretons and French retreating on one side, cried out, "Stop, my lords, we are prisoners already." Carnet le Breton was prisoner to Sir Bertrand de Carsilies, and Sir Louis de St. Julien to Sir John Chambo.

Nothing could exceed the grief of the friends of Sir John Chandos, when they beheld him lying on the ground unable to speak. "Flower of knighthood! oh, Sir John Chandos! cursed be the forging of that lance which has thus endangered thy life," were the exclamations of the barons and knights of Poitou: to which he being unable to articulate, only replied

by groans, whilst those of his household wrung their hands, and tore their hair with all the demonstrations of violent grief. After being disarmed by his servants, he was laid upon shields, and borne to the fort of Mortemer, whilst the other barons and knights returned to Poitiers with their prisoners. Jacques de St. Martin, who wounded Sir John, died a few days after, of the wounds he received in the skirmish. Sir John Chandos lived a day and a night in great agony, when death ended his sufferings. He was deeply regretted by the English, and many French knights lamented his loss.

The Mother.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I have seen a mother's love endure every test unharmed, and come forth from the refiner's furnace, purged from that dross of selfishness, which the heart is wont to find among its purest gold. A widow expended on her only son, all the fulness of her affection, and the little gains of her industry. She denied herself every superfluity, that he might receive the benefits of education, and the indulgences that boyhood covets. She sat silently by her small fire, and lighted her single candle, and regarded him with intense delight, as he amused himself with his books, or sought out the lessons for the following day. The expenses of his school were discharged by the labor of her hands, and glad and proud was she to bestow on him privileges which her own youth had never been permitted to share. She believed him to be diligently acquiring the knowledge which she respected, but was unable to comprehend. His teachers, and his idle companions, knew otherwise. He indeed learned to astonish his simple and admiring parent, with high-sounding epithets, and technical terms, and to despise her for not understanding them.—When she saw him discontented, at comparing his situation with that of others, who were above him in rank, she denied herself almost bread, that she might add a luxury for his table, or a garment to his wardrobe.

She erred in judgment, and he in conduct; but her changeless love surmounted all. Still, there was little reciprocity, and every year diminished that little, in his cold and selfish heart. He returned

no caress; his manners assumed a cast of defiance. She strove not to perceive the alteration, or sadly solaced herself with the reflection, that "it was the nature of boys."

He grew boisterous and disobedient. His returns to their humble cottage became irregular. She sat up late for him, and when she heard his approaching footstep, forgot her weariness, and welcomed him kindly. But he might have seen reproach written on the paleness of her loving brow, if he would have read its language. During those long and lonely evenings, she sometimes wept as she remembered him in his early years, when he was so gentle, and to her eye so beautiful. "But this is the way of young men," said her lame philosophy. So, she armed herself to bear.

At length, it was evident that darker vices were making him their victim.—The habit of intemperance could no longer be concealed, even from a love that blinded itself. The widowed mother remonstrated with unwonted energy. She was answered in the dialect of insolence and brutality.

He disappeared from her cottage.—What she dreaded had come upon her. In his anger, he had gone to sea. And now, every night, when the tempest howled, and the wind was high, she lay sleepless, thinking of him. She saw him, in her imagination, climbing the slippery shrouds, or doing the bidding of rough, unfeeling men. Again, she fancied that he was sick and suffering, with none to watch over him, or have patience with his waywardness, and her head which silver hairs began to sprinkle, gushed forth, as if it were a fountain of waters.

But hope of his return, began to cheer her. When the new moon looked with its slender crescent in at her window, she said, "I think my boy will be here, ere that moon is old." And when it waned and went away, she sighed and said "My boy will remember me."

Years fled, and there was no letter, no recognition. Sometimes she gathered tidings from a comrade, that he was on some far sea, or in some foreign land.—But no message for his mother. When he touched at some port in his native country, it was not to seek her cottage, but to spend his wages in revelry, and re-embark on a new voyage.

Weary years, and no letter. Yet she had abridged her comforts, that he might

be taught to write, and she used to exhibit his penmanship with such pride.— But she dismissed the reproachful thought. "*It was the way with sailors.*"

Amid all these years of neglect and cruelty, the mother's love lived on.— When Hope refused its nourishment, it asked food of Memory. It was satisfied with the crumbs from a table which must never be spread again. Memory brought the broken bread which she had gathered into her basket, when the feast of innocence was over, and Love received it as a mendicant, and fed upon it and gave thanks. She fed upon the cradle-smile, upon the first caress of infancy, upon the loving years of childhood, when putting his cheek to hers, he slumbered the live-long night, or when teaching him to walk, he tottered with out-stretched arms to her bosom, as a new-fledged bird to its nest.

But religion found this lonely widow, and communed with her at deep midnight, while the storm was raging without. It told her of a "name better than of sons or of daughters," and she was comforted. It bade her resign herself to the will of her Father in Heaven, and she found peace.

It was a cold evening in winter, and the snow lay deep upon the earth. The widow sat alone by her little fire-side.— The marks of early age had settled upon her. There was meekness on her brow, and in her hand a book from whence that meekness came.

A heavy knock shook her door, and ere she could open it, a man entered.— He moved with pain, like one crippled, and his red and downcast visage was partially concealed by a torn hat. Among those who had been familiar with his youthful countenance, only one save the Being who made him, could have recognized him, through his disguise and misery. The mother looking deep into his eye, saw a faint tinge of that fair blue, which had charmed her, when it unclosed from the cradle-dream.

"My son! My son!"

Had the prodigal returned by a late repentance, to atone for years of ingratitude and sin? I will not speak of the revels that shook the peaceful roof of his widowed parent, or of the profanity that disturbed her repose. The remainder of his history is brief. The effects of vice had debilitated his constitution, and once, as he was apparently recovering from a long paroxysm of intemperance, apoplexy

struck his heated brain, and he lay a bloated and hideous carcase.

The poor mother faded away and followed him. She had watched over him, with a meek, nursing patience, to the last.—*Letters to Mothers.*

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

The music we were wont to love
In days of bliss gone by,
In after years the soul can move
Almost to agony!

There *was* a song I dearly lov'd,
In boyhood's happy hours—
And in the joys of youth I proved
Its fascinating powers.
It was a witching melody,
Like music in a dream—
As sadly sweet as minstrelsy
Sighs o'er a summer stream.

But when the smiling years flew by,
And cares came rushing on—
When life look'd on a cloudy sky,
Where not a sun-beam shone—
Ah! then the warblers of that song,
With deeper thrillings came,
They wakened mem'ries hoarded long,
And breathed a treasured name.

Within my breast still lingering,
Those hallow'd visions dwell,
As mournful echoes fondly cling
Around the minster bell;
The Sabbath vesper chime will cease,
Its sounds be hush'd at last—
But ne'er will come my bosom's peace,
'Till I forget the past.

This heart, this care-worn heart of mine,
Responds that melting strain;
As *Æolian* strings at day's decline,
To night winds wake again.
The harp will sigh to Zephyr's kiss,
'Till all its cords decay—
That song will call up thoughts of bliss,
Till memory fades away.

Moral Tales.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE EMIGRANTS—A DOMESTIC TALE.

BY DANIEL WISE.

Eliza Ellis was the wife of a young mechanic, who resided in the ancient town of P——, (England.) Two years had passed since her union and one sweet infant just merging from its babyhood inspired her heart with the rich, deep swel-

lings of a mother's love. Her husband was poor, but a natural and holy affection joined their hearts with a tie more strong—more indissoluble than the legal bond that had made them one in law. They had spent the months of their married life in unity and peace. The soul's bright sunshine had illumined their humble dwelling, and shed its rays of purity and joy upon their happy lives. Contented with the allotments of Divine Providence, their lives were gliding smoothly onwards, undisturbed by those eruptions and storms which so commonly break up the surface of connubial bliss in the more polished but, alas, less happy circles of society. But even humble virtue will not always secure perennial joy. Misfortune, wily and relentless robber that she is, will rob even the poor of their happiness and plunge the good into a charybdis of trouble, or a fiery flood of sorrow. Thus, with the humble subjects of our story, virtue, religion and lowly birth did not secure them perpetual bliss—their sky was overcast, but, like the sun in the elemental conflict, though obscured from human gaze he still shines beyond and soon breaks through the mists that confuse his glories, so in the deepest gloom of the night of their misfortune, it will be seen that Eliza and her husband maintained a peace within.

My tale opens on a Saturday afternoon. Eliza had just finished cleaning her little room, which served the double purpose of parlor and kitchen. It was plainly but neatly furnished. True, no soft carpet spread its flowing colors to the eye, but a floor, white as cleanliness, told the spectator of the industry of the occupant—a few old-fashioned chairs—an oaken bureau and table that shone like a polished mirror—a neat dresser with rows of clean white plates, and a small looking glass, suspended from the wall, comprised its principal garniture. Sitting down beside the wicker cradle, in which

slumbered the hope of her heart, Eliza cast a glance of investigation around her apartment, and then, as if satisfied, her bright black eye rested upon her babe.

'How happy am I,' said she to herself, 'the wife of so kind a husband—the mother of so sweet a babe,' and the rich overflowings of a mother's heart sent a stream of joyous tears to her eyes—tears such as the innocent and happy alone can weep.

Just then, her husband's step greeted her ready ear. True, it was heavier than usual, but it was her husband's and she prepared to receive him with one of those smiles that make a husband's home the dearest place to him on earth.

Henry Ellis entered his room, but his brow was clouded, his eye was downcast. Scarcely speaking, he took his accustomed seat and fell into a troubled reverie.

This was extraordinary conduct for him and it went to the heart of Eliza, as the night-wind falls on the feeble lamb in early spring. After a few moments she approached her husband and imprinting a kiss upon his lips, took him by the hand and with gentle voice and manners said:

'Henry you are troubled, do tell me what is the matter?'

He shook his head and was silent; but urged by strong affection she continued,

'Will not my husband tell his sorrows to his wife? Come Henry let me share your griefs; your joys I have already shared, and you shall find me as willing, yes *just as willing*, to share your sorrows.'

The troubled husband took the hand of his wife and pressed it to his lips; then brushing away a tear he replied,

'I am troubled, much and deeply troubled. This afternoon I was discharged. Mr Mills has nothing to do, the other builders are equally destitute of work, the winter is just setting in and there is little prospect but that I shall be out of em-

ploy the whole winter, and how we shall live I cannot tell.

'Is that all?' exclaimed his wife, 'be not discouraged, for He who clothes the grass and takes care for oxen will feed us. He will open your way and you will find employ, and if not, you know I can sew well, and if you cannot find work perhaps I can and we shall not suffer.—Come let us put our trust in God and dismiss our fears.'

'What you say Eliza, is very well, but O you don't know how hard the times are,' replied Ellis. 'Work is scarce of all kinds, and if I would consent to have you sew it is very uncertain whether you could get it to do. You don't know the hardness of the times.'

'But has not our Divine Father promised never to leave or forsake us? Will He be false to his word? Perhaps He may leave us to suffer. He may see it necessary for our good. If He does shall we not piously submit?'

Young Ellis forced a smile as he answered this truly christian reasoning. 'I know we should leave our cares with Him for his power is great and his mercy is large, but the cloud that lowers around us now is so black that it has well nigh obscured my faith. But we will try to live by faith, where we cannot by sight. Your calmness, where I expected fear, and your strong faith where I expected doubt, have filled me with shame at my own littleness of confidence in the Divine guardianship. We will trust in the goodness of our Creator.'

Henry and Eliza were christians, and though his confidence was for a moment weakened by the unexpected occurrence already mentioned, yet the holy fervor and childlike confidence of his more sanguine and cheerful wife restored him to calmness if not to cheerfulness, and he soon wore his wonted smile as he caressed his babe and conversed with his buoyant wife.

Permit us to conduct you, kind reader, over a gulf of full five months in our narrative and to introduce you a scene on the borders of the sea. The town of P—— is strongly fortified. A broad deep moat, surmounted by a wall and breastworks, surrounds it. These breastworks are strengthened at regular distances by bastions mounting ten or fifteen guns. At the southern extremity of the town, exactly over the narrow mouth of the spacious harbor, is a vast pile of stone, denominated "the Battery," and mounting upwards of twenty guns. As this Battery affords a fine view of a far-famed island, that lies seven miles distant, and of a fine sheet of water leading into the British channel, it is a favorite promenade with the inhabitants and an ordinary place of resort for those who are expecting to sail in ships touching there from London and other parts.

It was on this Battery, in the month of March, that a man, about twenty-six years of age, of middle stature and plain appearance, was seen anxiously looking into the distant offing, as if watching the approach of some expected vessel. There was nothing in the dress or manner of this anxious watcher to attract attention; but his looks were enough to interest any spectator of feeling. A sickly paleness overspread his countenance, every emaciated feature spoke of want and sorrow, while a fine, blue eye seemed bathing in waters of grief far back in its socket: and yet there was a light amid these shadows; for resignation, mingled with faint gleams of hope, shed its peaceful influence over that face and gave it a painfully pleasing aspect. This son of affliction passed up and down the Battery for hours, during several days: now, he stood straining his eyes towards the misty horizon and anon he leaned upon a gun, buried in what appeared to be, painful thoughts.—At last his expectations were seemingly met, for a noble vessel with all her swan

like sails came careering over the wave towards the port, where she swung round, dropped her anchor and sat motionless and beautiful on the quiet bosom of her own element. The sorrowful watcher had kept his eye upon this ship, until she was fairly anchored, then, timidly approaching an old weather-beaten pilot, who for some time had been reconnoitering the new comer with his spy glass, he asked,

‘Can you tell me, sir, what ship that is which has just anchored?’

‘The Ontario, from London;’ gruffly responded the pilot.

The man waited to hear no more, but bounding from the battery was soon lost among the windings of the streets.

Our readers have probably anticipated the name of the personage just described. It was Henry Ellis. After losing his employment, difficulties had thickened in his path. Sickness had prostrated him, and caused him to expend a small sum of money he had laid up in the town Savings Bank, and when he recovered he found himself weak in body, destitute of resources, and in the midst of the most embarrassing times that the town had ever witnessed. He sought employment every where, and was every where disappointed. Many an evening did he return home weary of foot, and sick at heart, but his admirable wife always met him with smiles and good humor. She had obtained a little needle work, and with the avails, a scanty pittance of bread and a few potatoes were daily procured. But the payment of their rent was a difficulty insurmountable as it was inevitable. The fatal quarter day came, and a cruel landlord seized their little stock of furniture, and drove them from his house. Bitter indeed were their galled feelings in that hour of affliction; still they uttered no complaint, but meekly submitted to their last resort—the parish work-house!—Thither they went, and their misfortunes

and good character being well known to the superintendent, who, by the way, was a very worthy man, they were kindly received. After a short residence there, Henry, still unable to get employ, such was the fearful scarcity of labor, offered to emigrate to America, provided the parish would advance a sufficient sum for his passage. This they agreed to; and it was the Ontario in which Henry and his affectionate wife were to sail.

Upon her arrival as above described, Henry and his wife hastened on board, and in a few hours her sails once more floated in the breeze, as she gaily passed the tall cliffs of Old England on his way to the Atlantic. An air of melancholy spread over the tried and afflicted pair as the land of their nativity slowly disappeared; for though it had refused to give them a living, they loved it, for it was their *home*; and the home-spell was strong upon their hearts as they saw cliff after cliff mingle its whiteness with the fleecy clouds above them; and when they could no longer distinguish cliff from cloud, they buried their faces and wept.

But hope, that bland spirit which breathes inspiration into the yielding mind, attended them; and after the first burst of grief was over, she pointed them to the future and whispered of prosperity and plenty in the pilgrim land. They caught the inspiration, dried up their tears, and looked towards the city of their destination.

How admirably has the Creator formed the human mind! How susceptible of change! And how necessary is that susceptibility to its happiness. Were it unbending, like the sturdy oak of the forest, its griefs would break it—its elasticity would be pressed into inanity, and its powers robbed of their energy. But as it is, though grief weighs it down at night, yet hope raises it up in the morning, and thus gravitating between grief and gladness, it maintains that equilibrium necessary to its healthy action.

The day dreams of our voyagers were now bright and enchanting. Their sea sickness had passed away, the pure sea-breezes had invigorated their bodies, and hope filled them with cheerfulness; when, alas! for the uncertainty of human bliss, a storm, more fearful than all before, broke over their devoted heads.

Their child, the hope of their hearts, was taken sick. Its little cheeks grew pale, its eyes became dim, and the flesh wasted quickly from its delicate limbs.—There was no physician on board, and the disease baffled the skill of all who would have helped it. For four days and nights the anxious pair watched beside it; on the morning of the fifth, it seemed easier.

‘It will live, Henry,’ whispered Eliza to her husband.

He shook his head, and just then feeling its little feet, he exclaimed,

‘How cold!’

The wife turned pale—the babe breathed hard—was quiet—breathlessly they listened to hear it breathe again—but no; it lay still—still. The parents gazed, now at the child, now at each other.—Their looks told the fatal truth, and Eliza, rushing into the arms of her husband, exclaimed,

‘My child! my child! My child is dead! Oh, my ch—;’ and she fainted with excess of feeling.

When she recovered, her babe was wrapped up in its canvass winding sheet, ready for its burial in the deep waters of the ocean. The sight went to her inmost soul, and she sat cold and motionless beside it, struggling with the deep intensity of her excited feelings.

A clergyman, who was a passenger in the ship, approached her:

‘My dear madam,’ said he, ‘be not disconsolate. Your babe yet liveth, though not on earth. It is now a seraph in the world of spirits. God has taken it away for your good—for its own good—for His

glory. And will you complain? You cannot, for you know that your Heavenly Father does all things well.’

‘Ah, sir!’ replied the mourner, ‘you know not a mother’s feelings. No trial could have been severer!’ Here she checked herself, for she thought of her husband. At last she continued: ‘But I do submit. As Abraham surrendered his Isaac, so I surrender my child. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!’

Thus did the piety of Mrs. Ellis triumph over her human nature. Faith gave her the victory, and instead of weeping over the still beautiful body of the babe, she followed its spirit into its new abode, and held converse with it in its state of glorified existence.

That afternoon, the whole ship’s company assembled on the quarter-deck.—The beautiful burial service of the English Church was read, and the body of the babe was deposited in the depths of the Atlantic billows, to remain until the sea gives up her dead at the voice of the Judge.

After a pleasant passage of five weeks, our adventurers landed at New York.—Their whole substance was *one shilling*, a scanty wardrobe, and a few articles of household stuff. With this they sought a lodging for the night, and Henry immediately sallied forth in pursuit of business. After a few hours search, he returned disheartened and discouraged.—Business, he learned, was dull; many of his profession were out of employ, and it was a mere probability, he was informed, that he might obtain business.

‘Well,’ said Mrs. Ellis, after she had listened to his relation of events, ‘God will provide. He will never leave, nor forsake us. True, he has left us to suffer many trials, but we have thus far been kept from utter destruction. I feel,’ and her eye kindled with holy fervor ‘as she spoke, ‘an earnest in my soul, that very

soon our way will be opened and prosperity will crown our efforts, and if not, I am prepared to suffer.'

As on many former occasions, the piety of Mrs. Ellis had its effect on Henry. He felt ashamed of his weakness and unbelief, and determined not to be daunted or discouraged; and after they had commended themselves to God, that devoted couple slept as peacefully as if the wealth of princes surrounded them, though they knew not where their morrow's support would be obtained.

With the early morning, Henry commenced his efforts for business, and with like bad success he returned for many days. Eliza, with better fortune, had procured some washing, the avails of which kept them from actual suffering. Still, they persevered, until, after a fortnight, her strength began to fail, and despondency with blackening wing began to brood over their humble habitation. Still they trusted in God, and that trust was not in vain. God knew his own designs, and the hour for their development.

During his short residence in New York, Mr. Ellis had by a mere casualty, become acquainted with a good and benevolent man, who owned considerable property of various kinds in the city.—Perceiving his air of sadness, this gentleman kindly inquired into his history.—Encouraged by his affability and kindness, Henry frankly stated the facts, and the man at once pledged himself to become his friend. He had, he said, a small store in a populous neighborhood, well adapted for the business of a furniture broker on a small scale. Into this store, he proposed to place Henry, and to furnish him with all the necessary means for conducting the business. These would not be great, at first, as he was to begin in a small way. Henry joyfully and with many tears accepted the offer, and hastened home to communicate the glad intelligence.

Eliza had just finished her washing, and sat weeping from utter prostration of strength, when her husband entered.—'Good news! good news!' exclaimed he; 'God has opened the way! He has found me a friend.' He then related the offer of the gentleman, and together they bowed the knee in holy thanksgiving to God for this new and unexpected mercy.

The gentleman was true to his promise. They entered the store. Business flowed in upon them. They soon gained enough to purchase the stock—then to increase it. The next year, they took a larger store. Providence continued to smile, and seven years after Mr. Ellis landed on the shores of the great commercial city with only one shilling in his possession, he was worth many thousand dollars, occupied a highly respectable station among his fellow merchants, and an honored place in the Church of God.

Such is the fruit of faith and perseverance. Without that holy confidence on God, how could this suffering couple have maintained themselves under their accumulated trials? Where they stood firm, thousands have fallen into crime and transgression. May this simple story excite the faith of others, and urge the reader to a corresponding reliance upon the great I AM for succor and strength in the hour of need.

THE POOR MAN'S DEATH-BED.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

Tread softly!—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow!
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul

Is passing now.

Stranger! how great soe'er,
With lowly reverence bow!
There's one in that poor shed,
One by that wretched bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that pauper's roof,
Lo! Death doth trust his state:
Enter—no crowds attend;
Enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No whispering courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Clasping with pale thin hands,
A dying head.

No busy murmurs sound;
An infant wail alone—
A sob suppressed—again
That short, deep gasp—and then
The parting groan.

O change! oh, wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars!
This moment there so low
In mortal pangs—and now
Beyond the stars!

O change! stupendous change!
There lies the senseless clod;
The soul from bondage free,
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

The Wife.

THE DISSIPATED HUSBAND RE- CLAIMED.—A FACT.

The following touching incident in a family well known in Cork, Ireland, may be relied on as a fact. Mr C——, a wild young member of a Catholic family, who, through the monstrous inconsistency of the penal laws, had been forced to find the best education he could in France, was married to Miss O'R——, a young lady as virtuous as she was lovely. A French education, as will readily be perceived, led the hero of our narrative into habits of dissipation which then could not be speedily shaken off on his return to his native city—nay, even sincere attachment to his young wife could not disentangle him from the snare. His occasional irregular hours would have given any one not possessed of as pure and sweet a disposition as Mrs C., every reason to believe that she did not hold that place in her husband's affection to which she was so justly entitled: but if the reflection did sometimes overcast her mind, it was but as the passing cloud over the stainless moon. The husband was far from being a bad man, and really loved her, but his disposition was weak, and his vicious companions had gained a powerful ascendancy over him.

It happened he was suddenly called out of town, and in his haste, left behind him a letter, in which, to gratify one of his unprincipled friends, he had spoken

of his wife in terms of carelessness, not to say derision, and had dilated pretty freely upon the general course of life he then led. Imagine the feelings of the startled profligate, when he found himself borne by a rapid steamboat upon a journey, which must necessarily be of several day's duration, yet distinctly recalling to mind that the fatal letter was left exposed and unseen upon his wife's table. He recollected too, with a pang, that he had wantonly, in answer to her inquiries, boasted that it contained a profound secret, which he would not have revealed for the world. He paced the deck in an agony of shame and suspense. His too active imagination pictured her opening the letter, and turning pale with horror and indignation; perhaps fainting with anguish, alarming the servants, flying to her father—renouncing him forever! Abridging his term of absence as far as it was possible, he returned, but with a sinking heart, to his dwelling, bracing himself to meet the fury of an enraged and wretched woman. He opened the door softly. She was bending over her table briskly writing. A placid smile was on her lips, and spread over her whole glowing features the mild expression of joy and peace; and soon as she wrote, the fragment of a sweet ballad was murmured from her lips in low music that flows only from a heart entirely at ease. The husband stole noiselessly round, and read as her pen traced her gentle thoughts: "your very letter is lying by me; the very, very letter containing the 'profound secret.' Nor could I punish you for your carelessness; but, my dearest Charles, how could I look you in the face on your return, after taking an undue advantage of the confidence you have reposed in me, and merely to gratify a silly curiosity at the expense of delicacy and honorable feeling. No—the letter is unopened—and lest you should feel uneasy, I enclosed it to you; with the sincere love of your affectionate wife," &c.

"What an angel!" uttered the conscience-stricken husband. She started with an exclamation of joy,—and as Charles met the light of her clear, unshrinking eyes, he felt humbled that he should have dared to suspect her, and was struck with heartfelt repentance at his conduct. The influence of this important moment was strong and lasting. He immediately severed all the ties that drew him abroad; and concentrated his whole heart in that endearing word,

"home." And if the pure and happy being, whose influence had allured him to ing, all of right, had perused all his subsequent letters, she would have found nothing concerning herself, but boasts of the warmest love and the sincerest admiration.

IMMOLATION OF A HINDOO WIDOW.

BY L. E. LANDON.

Gather her raven hair in one rich cluster,
Let the white champac light it, as a star
Gives to the dusky night a sudden lustre,
Shining afar.

Shed fragrant oils upon her fragrant bosom,
Until the breathing air around grows sweet;
Scatter the languid jasmine's yellow blossom

Beneath her feet.

"Those small white feet are bare—too soft
are they
To tread on aught but flowers; and there
is rolled
Round the slight ankle, meet for such display,

The band of gold.

Chains and bright stones are on her arms
and neck;
What pleasant vanities are linked with
them,
Of happy hours, which youth delights to
deck

With gold and gem.

She comes! So comes the Moon, when
has she found
A silvery path wherein through heaven to
glide?
Fling the white veil—a summer cloud—
around;

She is a bride!

And yet the crowd that gathers at her side
Are pale, and every gazer holds his breath,
Eyes filled with tears unbidden, for the
bride,

The bride of Death.

She gives away the garland from her hair,
She gives the gems that she will wear no
more;
All the affections whose love signs they
were,

Are gone before.

The red pile blazes—let the bride ascend,
And lay her head upon her husband's heart,
Now in a perfect unison to blend—

No more to part.

THE CHARMED WIFE.

BY WHITTIER.

In one of my hunting excursions abroad on a fine morning—it was just at this time of the year—I was accompanied by my wife. 'Twas a beautiful morning. The sunshine was warm, but the atmosphere was perfectly clear; and a fine breeze from the northwest shook the bright green leaves which clothed to profusion the wreathing branches above us. I had left my companion for a short time, in pursuit of game; and in climbing a rugged ledge of rocks, interspersed with shrubs and dwarfish trees, I was startled by a quick grating rattle. I looked forward. On the edge of a loosened rock lay a large rattlesnake, coiling himself, as if for the deadly spring. He was within a few feet of me; and I paused for an instant to survey him. I know not why, but I stood still and looked at the deadly serpent with a strange feeling of curiosity. Suddenly he unwound his coil, as if relenting from his purpose of hostility, and raising his head, he fixed his bright, fiery eye directly upon my own. A chilling and indescribable sensation, totally different from any thing I had ever before experienced, followed this movement of the serpent; but I stood still, and gazed steadily and earnestly, for that moment there was a visible change in the reptile. His form seemed to grow larger, and his colors brighter. His body moved with a slow, almost imperceptible motion towards me, and a low hum of music came from him—or, at least, it sounded in my ear—a strange, sweet melody, faint as that which melts from the throat of the humming-bird. Then the tints of his body deepened and changed, and glowed, like the changes of a beautiful kaleidoscope,—green, purple and gold, until I lost sight of the serpent entirely, and saw only wild curiously woven circles of strange colors, quivering around me like an atmosphere of rainbows. I seemed in the centre of a great prism—a world of mysterious colors; and the tints varied and darkened and lighted up again around me; and the low music went on without ceasing, until my brain reeled; and fear, for the first time, came like a shadow over me. The new sensation gained upon me rapidly, and I could feel the cold sweat gushing from my brow. I had no certainty of danger in my mind—all definite ideas of peril was vague and clouded, like

the unaccountable terrors of a dream,—and yet my limbs shook, and I fancied I could feel the blood stiffening with cold as it passed along my veins. I would have given worlds to have been able to bear myself from the spot—I even attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not the impulse of the mind—not a muscle stirred; and I stood still, as if my feet had grown to the solid rock, with the infernal music of the tempter in my ear, and the baleful colorings of his enchantment before me.

Suddenly a new sound came on my ear—it was a human voice—but it seemed strange and awful. Again—again—but I stirred not; and then a white form plunged before me, and grasped my arm. The horrid spell was at once broken.—The strange colors passed from before my vision. The rattlesnake was coiling at my very feet, with glowing eyes and uplifted fangs; and my wife clinging in terror upon me. The next instant the serpent threw himself upon us. My wife was the victim! The fatal fangs pierced deeply into her hand, and her scream of agony, as she staggered backward from me, told me the dreadful truth.

Then it was that a feeling of madness came upon me; and when I saw the foul serpent stealing away from his work of death, reckless of danger, I sprang forward and crushed him in pieces upon the ragged rock. The groans of my wife now recalled me to her side, and to the horrible reality of her situation. There was a dark, livid spot on her hand; and it deepened into blackness as I led her away. We were at a considerable distance from any dwelling: and after wandering for a short time, the pain of the wound became insupportable to my wife, and she swooned away in my arms.—Weak and exhausted as I was, I had yet strength enough remaining to carry her to the nearest rivulet, and bathe her brow in the cool water. She partially recovered, and sat down upon the bank, while I supported her head upon my bosom.—Hour after hour passed away, and none came near us—and there—alone in the great wilderness, I watched over her, and prayed with her—and she died!

Records of Woman.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE WOMEN OF BURMAH.

The condition of our species in other countries is a subject fraught with deep and

thrilling interest to cultivate ^{minds.} It enables us to prize the superior ^{possessions} of our own lot, dwelling, as we do, peacefully and joyously under the ^{so.} shadows of the tree of life; it also enlarges our ideas of man, his nature and capacities; it awakens in our heart kindly feelings of benevolence and starts the flow of the milk of human kindness in our souls—for who can contemplate wretchedness, and not feel the rich swellings of holy desire to remove its pangs?

With these views we have attempted a brief description of the Women of Burmah. Our authority is the Rev. Mr Malcom; whose travels in Burmah furnish, at once a literary feast for the mind and an authentic account of the manners, customs, religion, &c., of the principal countries of the glorious yet degraded East. Glorious, for its ancient and sacred associations—degraded, for its heathenism and ignorance.

The women of Burmah are in person about four or five inches shorter than those of Europe and America. They are universally round shouldered, possess prominent cheek bones and a remarkable squareness of the jaws, their noses are nearly flat, their lips thick, their complexion dark, resembling the color of our mulattoes: their heads are covered with long, coarse, black hair, which is rendered glossy by the constant use of oils. It is worn in the form of a graceful knot behind, with chaplets of wild flowers hung on a thread. They, like too many of our own ladies, use paint for the face. Their most valued cosmetic is of a bright yellow color, which is the standard of beauty. They also frequently stain their nails with a scarlet pigment.

The dress of a Burman lady consists of a *te-mine* or petticoat of cotton or silk lined with muslin, wide enough to pass round the body and fasten at the corners, and extending from beneath the arms to the ankles; an *in-gee* or jacket of gauze, lace or other thin material, open in front, with long sleeves, is also worn. Sometimes they add a garment of common calico resembling a sailor's jacket. The head is always un-

covered and for the feet they wear sandals. Instead of rings for the ornaments of the ears they wear *cylinders* of gold, silver, horn, wood or paper according to the ability of the wearer. This cylinder or tube is at first small, but is gradually enlarged until it becomes *an inch in diameter*.—These are passed through a hole in the soft, fleshy part of the ear.

‘Women,’ says Mr Malcom, ‘have their place assigned them as correctly in Burmah as in any other nation. Their intercourse is open and unrestricted. The universal custom is to give them the custody of their husband’s cash; by them is done the chief part of all the buying and selling, both in shops and in the bazaar. They clean rice, bring water, weave and cook. But hard work of all kinds, the universal custom assigns to men. They are by no means denied education, nor is any impediment placed in the way of their attaining it. Females of the higher classes do not condemn industry. They furnish their servants with useful employment over which they preside with attention. A British ambassador, when formally presented to the mother of the queen, observed in one of the galleries, three or four looms at work. This fact reminds us of the occupation of the Greek ladies, as intimated in the advice Pelenachus gave Penelope:

“Retire, O queen! thy household task resume;
Tend with thy maids, the labors of the loom.
There rule, from public care remote and free;
That care to man belongs.”

Matrimony is left to the choice of the parties, the parents exercising no compulsory power, excepting among members of the royal family. The young man makes his choice and declares it to the mother, when, if there is no objection, he is permitted to visit the house. In consummating the marriage he asks no sanction of priest or magistrate, for the law requires none. When the courtship ends, *he eats with his chosen* and in this consists the ratification of marriage. If this can be prov-

ed, they are compelled to live together as man and wife. After marriage the young bridegroom resides with his wife’s parents three months and three days, serving them as a son, or, if he prefer and his bride be willing, he pays them sixty ticals (a tical is about sixty cents) and removes her to his own house.

Polygamy, though lawful, is very rare, but divorces are frightfully common. This perhaps is occasioned by the ease with which it is effected. The aggrieved party has but to become a priest or nun for a season. This nullifies the matrimonial contract and leaves them free to marry again. Women may put away their husbands as easily as men their wives.

Such are the Women of Burmah. It should also be remembered that they are heathens and atheists—believers in a system of blind and comfortless superstition, which leaves them no hope of immortality after death. Annihilation is the *acme* of human felicity, to their disordered imaginations: for this, they look hereafter. With all their superiority over heathen women, in general; they are still far behind, even the lowest orders of Christian society.—They have less intelligence, less comfort, less enjoyment, less hope. It should therefore be the desire and effort of all Christian women to send them the means of Christian and mental illumination.

Religion.

JESUS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Unto him who hath loved us, and gave himself for us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.—*Rev.*

How hath He loved us?—Ask the star,
That on its wond’rous mission sped,
Hung trembling o’er that manger scene
Where He, the Eternal, bowed his head;
He, who of earth doth seal the doom,
Found in her lowliest inn—*no room*.

Judea’s mountains, lift your voice,
With legends of the Saviour fraught,
Speak, favored Olivet—so soft
At midnight’s prayerful vigil sought,
And Cedron’s brook, whose rippling wave
Frequent his weary feet did lave.

How hath He loved us?—Ask the hand
That fled his woes with breathless haste:
Ask the weak friend's denial tone,
Scarcely his bitterest tears effaced;
Then ask the traitor's kiss—and see
What Jesus hath endured for thee!

Ask of Gethsemane, whose dew
Shrunk from that moisture strangely red,
Which, in that unwatched hour of pain,
His agonizing temples shed!
The scourge, the thorn, whose anguish sore
Like the unanswering lamb He bore.

How hath He loved us?—Ask the cross,
The Roman spear, the shrouded sky,
Ask of the shrouded dead, who burst
Their prisons at his fearful cry—
O ask no more! but bow thy pride,
And yield thy heart to him who died.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

REMORSE.

‘The heart
Pierced with a sharp *remorse* for guilt, dis-
claims
The costly poverty of hecatombs,
And offers the best sacrifice itself.’

It was the soft hour of twilight in mid-summer. The calm of the grave pervaded the expanse of nature. So calm was that hour, that it seemed one of universal rest. But there was *one* who did not rest; inquietude and pain disturbed her agonized heart, and forced the big drop to her polished brow. She sat, alone, in the little parlor of a small cottage, embowered with the trees of the beautiful garden in which it stood. She was young and fair; fortune smiled upon her, friends gathered at her wish, she had scarcely a desire but could be met, and yet she was unhappy. We will call her name Anna.

She sat reclining on the sofa; her fine tresses had fallen from their silken bands and hung dishevelled and loose; her eyes, filled with tears that burned their way down her pale cheek, were fixed steadfastly on the floor; while now and then a deep sigh escaped the fair mourner.

What ails thee, sorrowing beauty? Why this deep excess of grief? Has lover or friend forsaken thee? Hast thou been doomed to feel the fell stroke of some unlooked for misfortune?

Such, perchance, would be the questions

of the sympathizing observer. Should he suddenly meet a desponding Anna under the circumstances described. Under such were not the causes of Anna's *remorse*! She mourned for other themes save loss of wealth or faithless love. A *flagrant crime* bowed that beautiful form, and gnawed that sighing heart. Over this, her soul lamented and wept itself. As she dwelt upon it, her bosom swelled with burning shame, her spirit writhed in inward agony; she wrung her hands, looked up, and then abashed looked earthward again and cried aloud, ‘O wretched folly! O wicked offence! O desperate crime! Alas! wretch that I am—what shall I do?’

What had Anna done? Had the betrayer of innocence beguiled her? Never! Had she in guilty passion poisoned an enemy, or destroyed a friend? Never!—Then why such impassioned penitence?

Listen, and her *crime* shall be disclosed! She had *rejected Christ*! That was her offence. Favored in early childhood with religious light, blessed in after years with an evangelical ministry, and often entreated by a pious and departed mother, she resisted all. She chose *pleasure* instead of Christ; gay companions and the fooleries of fashion she preferred to religion. The blood of Jesus Christ, her offered Saviour, she counted a worthless thing! All this she did for full twenty years, and then *remorse* took hold upon her. Her soul was horror-stricken at its offence—appalled at its own ingratitude. Hence she wept, and was inexpressibly wretched.

Reader! as Anna felt, so will you—Like causes produce like effects. If you are treading in her steps—guilty of her *crime*! you will suffer her *remorse*. Perchance like the hoary politician—the rich and powerful Randolph—you may be compelled to exclaim on your death bed, *Remorse! Remorse! Remorse!* Or failing there, you may in a worse abode, endure eternal *remorse*!

Let wisdom, then, point you to a path of peace. She offers chaste and holy pleasures with a crown eternal beyond the grave. And she bids you seek these things

in the companionship of her beauteous maiden, Religion. She will conduct you to Him who hath loved you and given HIMSELF for you, and who waits to wash you from your sins in *His own blood*.

The Young Lady.

OBEYING INSTRUCTIONS.

"Well, Julia, suppose I ask your father any how, his refusal cannot make things much worse than they are at present. Suspense, Julia, is the cause of the most miserable feelings."

"We must not be hasty, Robert, our situation requires caution; by a little management we may possibly succeed, gloomy as the prospects appear to be. Now don't say anything to Pa about it yet—I had much rather you would not. The best possible way for us to accomplish our wishes is not to advance too soon."

"Too soon—too soon, Julia! Have we not waited two years and more? and have you not been preaching the same doctrine of 'too soon,' all the while!—Too soon, indeed?"

"Well, now don't be angry; throw that frown from your countenance, and look pleasant, and we'll immediately set about some plan by which to effect what you so much desire. Come, smile away your anger—the skies of love are sometimes clear."

Robert Moultrie had loved Julia Hallowell, and she loved him; about four years more had passed since they had agreed, come weal, come wo, they would trudge through life together. Two long, long years! Two years would seem to be an eternity to wait upon the eve of bliss, and to delay the happy consummation.

Julia's father was a wealthy shipper of the port of Charleston, South Carolina. Some old inhabitants may remember the firm of Hallowell and Haddington. He was an upright, and highly honorable man; but whose *ipse dixit* was law supreme, wherever his power could be exercised.

Robert Moultrie was a clerk in the counting-room, and his salary, which was his sole dependence, though far above the pittance allowed for the services of young men similarly situated, and amply sufficient to warrant him in assuming the expenses of a family, did not elevate him to that importance in society, which

would justify him in presuming upon the hand and heart of the daughter of a wealthy shipper.

The character of this young gentleman was unimpeachable, and he was as much respected for his talents, as he was for his correct deportment; but (*but* is a wicked word) the curse of Giugaukin was on him, *he was poor*.

Robert had been in the counting-room of Mr. Hallowell since he was fourteen years of age, he had grown up in his family, and by the side of this lovely heiress, who had been promised to a thing of wealth and show: that thing was in the Indies, amassing riches to lay at the feet of his beautiful bride, but his soul had on it the stain of dishonor, and Julia had vowed before God he should never call her wife. Mr. Hallowell knew that Robert generally attended his daughter to church, went and came with her when she visited her friends, and so on; but he never dreamed that the wily Cupid was witching his darts successfully in the bosom of both; and the arrows of the little god were firmly fixed, and he dealt out the silken cord until they were far out upon the sea of love, too far to proceed or return without each other.

"Do tell me, Robert, what is the matter with you? I have been a witness to your downcast looks and sorrowful appearance, until I have grown melancholy myself. What's the matter, boy?"

This question was asked by Mr. Hallowell one day, when he and Robert were in the counting-room alone, and if any individual has ever passed through a like fiery trial, he can have some idea of Robert's feelings, when the man whose daughter he loved, was contriving the best plan to get from him the secret cause of his downcast looks, and addressed him in such a kind and affectionate language. It went too deep, however, into the secrets of Robert's bosom, for him to return a quick reply. Mr. Hallowell plainly saw that something was working upon his mind that made him unhappy, and he wished, if possible, to remove the cause; he urged a candid revelation of all that effected his feelings, and promised his assistance to relieve him, whatever it required. Robert succeeded, however, in putting him off for that time, and trembled at the thought, when, at their next meeting, he related the matter to Julia.

"I thought," said she, laughing, "you were not so anxious to ask the old gentle-

man as you appeared to be; now that was a stumper, Robert. Why did you not tell him?—Why did you not? Ha! ha!”

“Julia, do you think he suspects us?”

“Not a whit more than he does the King of the French!”

“Well, Julia, to tell the truth about the matter, I left you this morning with the intention of telling him all about our affection for each other; and if he refused, I was determined to act for myself, without farther advice; but when I came before him, I felt something in my throat choking me, and I could scarcely talk to him about business, much less about love affairs.”

The lovers met often, and the voyage from the Indies being threatened, it became necessary that they should prepare for the trials that seemed to await them. In short, Mr. Hallowell was endeavoring to ascertain the cause of his clerk's unhappiness more for the good of the young man than he cared about the unimportant mistakes made by him on his accounts. The next opportunity that offered, he repeated his former question, and insisted on an immediate reply. Robert stuttered and stammered a good deal, and at last came out with it;—“I am attached to a young lady in the city, sir, and have reason to believe she is as much attached to me, but there is an obstacle in the way, and—”

“Ay, indeed. And does the obstacle amount to more than a thousand dollars? If it does not, you shall not want it. I'll fill you up a check now. Have all parties consented?”

“Why, sir, the cause of my—the reason—the—that is, the cause of my uneasiness is, I am afraid her father will not consent.”

“Will not consent! Why? who is he, refer him to me, I'll settle the matter.”

“He is a rich man, sir, and I am not rich.”

“His daughter loves you, does she?”

“I think—I—yes, sir.”

“She says she does any how, does she?”

“Why, I—yes—she—yes sir, she has said as much.”

“Is the old fellow very rich?”

“I believe, sir, tol—tolerably well off.”

“And he won't consent? By the powers of love, he must be an old Turk—he wont, hey? Here give me his name. I'll soon settle the matter; but stop, has he anything against you—is he acquainted with your character? Does he know me?”

Here the old gentleman went over a string of questions which Robert had no disposition to answer, and which it is not worth while to relate. The conclusion of the conference left Robert in the possession of a check for one thousand dollars, a letter of introduction to Parson Green of the Presbyterian church, and following advice from the lips of his father in law *in perspective*. He was to run away with the girl—to use his (Mr. Hallowell's) carriage, and George, his black waiter, was to drive it, and so forth.

Robert governed himself in strict accordance with the advice given; and before dark the parties were before Parson Green, whose scruples of conscience were quieted by the introductory letter. They were soon pronounced husband and wife; jumped into the carriage, followed by the blessing of Parson Green, whose fee was a small part of the thousand dollar check. George was directed to drive the carriage to a rich old childless uncle of Robert's, who lived about five miles from the city, to whom the secret was told. The old man thought the joke too good a one not to be enjoyed, and sent out for some of his neighbors. Midnight still found the jovial assembly destroying the good things the aunt had provided, and laughing over the trick so successfully played upon the wealthiest shipper at the south.

Early in the morning, Robert and Mrs Moultrie were attended by their uncle and aunt to the house of Mr Hallowell; the young couple, anxious for the effervescence of a father's wrath to be over, and the antiquated pair, to witness the reception and act as modifiers on the question. They were met in the parlor by Mr Hallowell, whose first words were:

“You young rogue, you; little did I know how my advice was to act upon me. Well, Robert,” he added, laughing heartily, “you caught me that time; and you deserve to be rewarded for the generalship you have displayed. Here, my boy—my son, I suppose I must say—here is a deed for property worth eleven thousand dollars, and from henceforth, you are my partner in business.”

From the Boston Magazine.

THE TROTH-PLIGHT.

ELLEN, list thy lover's vow:

Lo! I swear, on bended knee,
Time, which changes locks to snow,
Shall not change my love to thee.

Age may alter, distance sever,
Yet I'm thine, and thine forever.

Ellen, turn thine eye of blue—
Wipe the tear that gathers there—
Thou hast heard *my* promise true;
Thou hast heard it—wilt thou swear,
Though age alter, distance sever,
Thou art mine, and mine forever?

And the maiden sware the oath,
Hand on heart, and heart toward heaven;
Plighted there, her heart's free troth
Firmly as *his* troth was given;
"Age may alter, distance sever—
I am thine, and thine forever."

Ellen, hear me—hear once more:
Distance may not break the tie,
Nor age blight our love's sweet flower—
Yet, dear Ellen, we may die;
Wilt thou swear, though *death* should sever
Even then thou'rt mine forever?

With a calm, untroubled eye,
And a look of fervent love,
Firmly doth the maid reply—
And the oath was heard above—
Distance—Time—e'en *Death* may sever—
Yet I'm thine, and thine forever.

The Literary Gatherer.

"I'm but a gatherer and disposer of other
men's stuff."

DEW ON THE SPIDER'S WEB.—One of the most beautiful displays of dew, says Mucklie, is that on the web of the spider; and perhaps that of the spectre spider, or large mottled garden spider, is one of the best, as the web is large and strong, and the rainbow tints of the web are seen along with the glitter of the dew-drops, if the proper light is chosen. At a more advanced period of the season, the drops freeze, and the mainbraces of the web may be taken by the ends and examined like little strings of seed pearls. The spider is not on the web in the dew, and it is dead, or in its winter retirement, before the frost. Before the heavy dews of late autumn set in, the spiders have all vanished from the gardens, but their webs remain for a considerable time after, and if the frosts are constant, they may be observed for a great part of the season, not only gemmed with the little pearl drops of ice, but absolutely bristled with hoar frost.

THE ACORN.—If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread, within half an

inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will burst and throw a root into the water, and shoot upwards its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree growing in this way on the mantle-shelf of a room, is a very elegant and interesting object. I have seen several oak trees, and also a chesnut tree, thus growing; but all of them, however, have died after a few months, probably owing to the water not being changed sufficiently often to afford them the necessary quantity of nourishment for the matter contained in it.—*Gardener's Gaz.*

PIANO FORTE PLAYING.—Many entertain the erroneous opinion, that to arrive at excellence it is necessary to practice at least six or seven hours every day;—but I can assure them, that a regular daily and attentive study of at most three hours, is sufficient for this purpose. Any practice beyond this, damps the spirit, produces a mechanical rather than an expressive and impassioned style of playing, and is generally disadvantageous to the performer, inasmuch as when compelled to lay aside this incessant exercise, if called on to play any piece on a sudden, he cannot regain his usual powers of execution without having some days previous notice.—*Hummel's Piano Forte School.*

THE SPONGE FISHERY.—When at the Island of Rhodes, I went to the sponge fishery, which is curious and interesting. It is a laborious and dangerous employment, but so lucrative, that five or six successful days afford those engaged in it the means of support an entire year.—The sponge is attached to rocks at the bottom of the sea, serving as a retreat to myriads of small crustaceous animals, which occupy its cavities. The fishermen dive for it to the depth of even a hundred feet, and sometimes continue for five or six minutes under water, unless the quantity of sponge they may have collected becomes inconvenient or unmanageable, when they are hauled to the surface by the crew of the boat to which they belong. The divers occasionally fall victims to sharks that attack them under water. The sponge is prepared for market by being pressed to dislodge the animalculæ it contains, and afterwards washed in lye to deprive it of mucilaginous matter.—*Mars. Marmont.*

Editorial.

ENVY.—No feeling is more degrading in its effects on the mind, than this dark child of depravity. It is withering as the foul breath of the sirocco, on the affections and passions: the former it deadens and destroys; the latter it irritates to the last degree of excitement, and to a state of ungovernable irascibility. It destroys all happiness in the bosom of her who gives it shelter. Like jealousy, it creates a jaundiced eye, that spreads a horrid hue over all that belongs to its victim, and by a mysterious influence it arrays all other objects with a robe and hue of brightness.—How despicable too it makes its possessor appear in the eyes of the world, for hide she cannot. True, she may cover it with a forced smile, or hide it behind an assumed pleasantry, but, like a skeleton robed and in a ball room, the covering would conceal the savor and deformity beneath, so envy will, despite of effort, show its hateful nature. A word, a look will reveal it. An envious woman is universally despised.

What makes envy appear more detestable still, is the trifles that frequently excite it. A more beauteous countenance, a richer dress, a finer equipage, or brighter talents, are often the irritating causes of its ire. O foolish ire! What are beauty, dress, equipage, or talents? Beauty decays as we gaze upon it, dress is but the emblem of human guilt, equipage will soon be useless to its possessor, and talents, bright as Newton's, will be eclipsed by the splendor of millions of higher intellects the moment we pass the fatal bourne.—Why then should envy rankle in the bosom? Rather, fair reader, labor to enjoy what you possess. Cultivate your present means of happiness, and like good capital it will soon increase with large interest.

BEAUTY.—Perhaps there are few things more highly prized or more ardently desired, by woman, than beauty. Strange fatuity of desire! Why should we desire that which, of all gifts, is too often fatal to its possessor, and which is frail

As the harp string shaken by the storm.

True it is gratifying to a proud or vain mind to be

The admired of all admirers,

to see every eye gazing and to hear every lip extolling. This we say is gratifying; but to what? To the high faculty of our exalted nature—our reason? No! Reason spurns the adoring galaxy of fashion and seeks a higher feast. It is only the depraved self-love or the damning ambition of a fallen mind that gloats, vulture like, over such unworthy food. How fatal to the peace of the mind to have these clamorous passions ever thirsting for their unholy food! Goaded as they are by the always present thought that the means of its gratification is hastening to speedy decay. Beauty has dangers. It has despoiled many a Cleopatra of her purity—the only true ornament of woman; it has led many a Boylston to a premature grave and lured many a victim into the snares of the seducer. Truly, Beauty is dangerous.

Beauty leaves its possessor ultimately to a fearful state of unmitigated wretchedness if she has made it the idol of her soul to the neglect of more enduring possessions. Old age brings wrinkles and deformity that defy paint and cosmetic; that frighten away the flattering butterflies of fashion and leave the victim alone the solitary wreck of her former self. Then she spends her time in fruitless regrets, and sinks unblest into the grave where beauty claims no respect. Therefore desire not beauty if you have it not, and if you possess it fortify your mind with intellectual attainments and lofty moral principle.—Then, you will be safe. You will be alike beautiful in the eyes of earth and heaven.

VIEW OF LOWELL.—This is a beautiful lithographic print, affording a full and correct view of our enterprising city. We should think no inhabitant would be without a copy over his mantel, and certainly no young lady will return to her friends in the country without carrying it to shew the beautiful appearance of the place of her labor and profit. For sale at E. A. Rice's, Merrimack Bookstore.